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Duke of Marlborough

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DUKE OF Marlborough.

Sec. 8.

Yon generals all and champions bold,
Who take delight in the field,
That knock down palaces and castle walls,
But now to death must yield,
I must go and face the foe,
With sword and with shield,
I always fought with my merry men,
But now to death must yield.
I am an Englishman by birth,
And Marlborough is my name,
In Devonshire I drew my breath,
That place of noble fame,
I was beloved by all my men,

Kings and princes likewise,
Tho' many towns I often took,
I did the world surprise.
King Charles the Second I did serve,
To face our foes in France,
And at the battle of Raimilles,
We boldly did advance.
The sun was down, the earth did shake,
So loudly did I cry.
Fight on, my brave boys, for England's joy
We'll conquer or we'll nobly die.
Now we have gain'd the victory,
And bravely kept the field,

We've ta'en a number of prisoners,
And forced them to yield,
That very day my horse was shot,
All by a musket ball,
As I was mounting up again
My aide-de-camp did fall,
Now on a bed of sickness laid,
I am resigned to die,
Let generals and champions bold,
Stand true as well as I,
Take no bribes, stand true to your men,
And fight with courage bold,
I have led my men through smoke and fire,
But ne'er was bribed with gold.



Polly Perkins.

I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed,
Thro' keeping the company of a young servant maid,
Who lived on board wages to keep the house clean,
In a gentleman's family in Paddington Green.

She was as beautiful as a butterfly,
And as proud as a queen,
Was pretty little Polly Perkins
Of Paddington Green.

Her eyes were as black as the pips of a pear,
No rose in the garden with her cheeks could compare;
Her hair hung in ringlets, so beautiful and long,
I thought that she loved me, but I found I was wrong.

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry milk below,
At the sound of my milk cans her face would show,
With a smile on her countenance and a laugh in her
eye,
If I thought she'd not love me, I'd lay down to die.

When I asked her to marry me, she said, "Oh! what
stuff!"

And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough
Of my nonsense—at the same time I'd been very kind,
But to marry a milkman she did not feel inclined.

The words that she uttered went through to my heart
I sobbed and sighed, and from her did depart
With a tear on my eyelids as big as a bean,
Bidding good-bye to Polly and Paddington Green.

In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl,
But it was not a wicount, and it was not a 'nearl,
It was not a barrow knight but a shade or two wus,
'Twas the bow-legged conductor of a two-penny 'bus.